BUSTLE'S REIGN ON.

DAME FASHION DECREES THAT THEY MUST BE WORN.

There is No Longer Any Doubt That Noman Are to Wear "Improvers"- THRILLING BUFFALO YARN. Form-Makers in All Shapes and Sizes Are a Sale in All Sheps.

The long-discarded bustle is again to reign and to cause the outlines of women to take on atrange curves and angles. The bustle is already "among those present," at least so say the inner cult of dressmakers and buyers of the stores where women go to see and learn the styles.

The "bustle department," which was abolished when these form-makers went out of style some years ago, has been re-established in the great retail stores, and the saleswomen who pre-side over them are kept busy showing their wares and assuring their customers that they will be worn.

Queer shapes and varieties of this woman's adornment are hanging on walnut-wood "trees" like new and strange grafted fruits. There are small modest bustles of curled hair, made in the shape of crescents, which are so unassuming and shy that they shrink behind their flaunting silken sisters that are as large as soft pillows.



Another kind is woven of rattan strips. This variety is as unvielding as a theological creed and about the size of a football. Woven-wire arrangements, like links of sausage tied together, are a popular and lasting bustle. Long half-skirts of ruffled haircloth recall the penitential skirts of medieval monks, though they are not especially designed for Lenten wear,

but are recommended as the most "extending" and comfortable of the bustle family, Then there are quaint pneumatic devices of rubber, intended to be pumped full of air like bicycle tires and warranted not to blow up except under the most extraordinary circum-stances, and indestructible bustles of leather which look as if they were to be handed down from generation to generation along with the old lace and

When asked if bustles will grow when asked it dusties will grow larger and more conspicuous was the year grows old, the saleawomen shrag their shoulders and nod in decided affirmatives. "Of course they will," one little English woman said as she reurranged her stock, "improvers"—High-ish for bustles—"are bound to get larger. Didn't big sleeves get bigger and wide skirts get wider until they. reached the limit of women's pocket books and cloth? So it is with every mode. It grows more and more ex-aggerated until it reaches its climax, then goes on the bargain table and is

The approach of the bustle this seafirst stealing upon womankind in the form of a tiny pad at the back of her skirts which the dressmaker said she 'must have" in order to take her place rank of the decently clad who tir their clothes on the most fashionable

no more.

Once contracted, the bustle habit is hard to shake off and many women who a year ago would have repudlated the bustle in any form are now its victims. Like the taste for intoxicants and narcotics, the dressmakers say the bustle habit is bound to grow as it is indulged, and the woman who is now content with a small bunch will soon semand a goodly shelf at the back of

Perfumes.

Of the making of perfumes there is no end, and, unfortunately, they are within the reach of all—from Bridget, who, on her "afternoon out," drenches her handkerchief from a ten-cent hottle, to my lady, whose costly garments give forth a faintly delicious scent as leans back in her carriage. Even the best must be used cautiously a suggestion of fragrance being prefer violet perfume put on a handkerchief several hours before it is to be carried will be sufficient to please the olfacto A woman must decide what particular fragrance she likes best, and use that and that only in tollet waters, powders and sachets. Heliotrope sachat lowder laid away among articles of

wearing apparer, and a mer of neuro-trope extract on handkerchief or laces to well together, while a conglomera-tion of extracts is an offense to refined

How the Old-Timer Lied About What He Didn't Do. "When I first struck the short grass

country old John was there. He god me cornered one day and was so tick-led to get a fresh victim that he hardly stopped even to take a drink, until he had stuffed me so full that I was par tially paralyzed for a mouth afterward. He gave me to understand that for years before he came to Kansas he was one of the most dreaded desperadoes and Indian killers that ever roamed through the Rocky Mountains I learned afterward that he wouldn't fight a cat, and actually trembled with fear whenever his batchet-faced wife turned loose on him with her tonbut when I first met him his thirsty talk fairly made my blood re-

cold.
"He informed me that he was known far and wide through the mountains as "Figer Jack, the Terror of the Rockies." But I was going to speak of his buffalo story. I asked him one day, just to bring him out, if he even got into any tight places when he was hunting busialo. Oh, I've been in hunting buffalo. Oh, I've been in places that I suppose most fellers would call ticklish, he replied, but never any place that rattled Tiger Jack but once, and that time I own I was

worried.
"'I was huntin' buffalo down the Medicine Valley along in '70. The country was just alive with the crit The ters and I was knockin' 'em right and left, when all at once somethin' start-ed a stampede, and three or four million buffalo come rushin' down the valley, just makin' the ground shake as they came. I seen at once that I would have to get out of there or he run over, but my pony was all fagged out, and the herd kept gaining on him at every june. at every jump. I saw that them buf-falo was goin' to run that there pony down, and that something had to be down, and that something had to be done, and done quick. Woll, sir, I seen that there was just one thing to do: I watted till the head buttelo was right on my pony's flank, and then I made a jump on that buffalo's hamp.

'Then, sir, I just went innueln' from the back of one buffalo to another and shootin' as I went-thought, maybe you know, that I could scatter the herd and get down on the ground Well, sir, when I struck the rear of that stampede I was only a mile from home. I went out the next day and measured the distance from where I jumped, and found that I had trave ed on the backs of buffalo for six mi and a quarter. I'll tell you honestly, I think it was a little the closest shave

enteen days.

gentlemen. I'm darned if he light a fire and cook his breakfast right up in that tree!"

The clock in its excitement struck carefully emptied his pipe into the su-

around the town. Now, I don't ex-pect you to believe this, but before he reached the bottom of the stairs there wasn't a stitch of clothing left on his back! (Sensation.) Yes, sir; and then the wind blew him up against a wall and flattened him out as thin as a wa-Next day his wife came and pried him off with a shovel and".

"What did she do with him?" asked Abner Johnson.
"What did she do with him? Why

she just dusted him off and used him for a door mat," and as the company slowly filed out of the door each man shuddered as he eyed the hoary headed liar with a reproachful look Bapid Flying.

When the sparrowhawk is swooping down on its prey it cleaves space at the speed of 150 miles an hour.

HOWD'YE" MARTIN.

THE ONLY CONGRESSMAN WHO EVER BLEW OUT THE GAS

A Pleturesque Character from Texas Who Added Much to the Galety of the National Capital During His Term-Some Episodes in His Stormy Career.

William H. Martin, of Texas, the only congressman, so far as the records extend, who ever blew out the gas, is dead. He died at Hillsboro, recently, of pneumonia. He was seventy years old. With him went one of the figures in public life of the decade. He had outlived his time. There is no doubt that he did blow out the gas in Willard's hotel, Washington, D. C., on the night of November 25, 1887; that the people of the hotel broke in his door, and that he was dragged into the hall utterly unconscious. He was sick for two days, but as soon as he was well enough to appear on the streets be hunted the newspaper man who had been most instrumental in spreading the tidings of his catastrophe and box ed his jaws until his ears rang. man had made the slightest res Martin would have killed him where

In person he was six feet high and broad of shoulder, but very gaunt. His hair and heard were untrimmed. His aross swung loosely and he walked with ong strides of the man who in his early life had done most of his travel-ling on foot. His oaths were so plenti-ful they ceased to be profanity. The words rolled from his mouth as un-consciously as his breath. I heard him tell once of the failure of a morning stroll after squirrels. "I riz," he said, "one—fine day an snatched hold of my—old rifle. That—son of mine had been a-wearin' of my kittredge belt. I went into the-woods an' was walking down the-road when I seen a-squirrel settin' on a-tree. I pulled the-trigger and the-gun wasn't loaded. The squir'l set thar and liked to laughed his-head off. I loaded up an' she wouldn't work. I got a-45-callire kittridge into the 44-callire gun and I never killed a-squir'l."

On the morning of the day when "Buck" Kilgore, also of Texas, and also dead, kicked his way to freedom by smashing one of the house doors, there had been a wordy passage between Johnson, of Indiana, Republican, and Crain, of Texas, Democrat. The two approached each other excitedly and a ollision seemed imminent. At that juncture the eyes of quiescent members were transferred from the principal figures in the debate to the center aisle. Crain and Johnson were not apt to hurt each other with anything more deadly than their hands, but in the center aisle a dozen Democrats were slowly bearing back "Howd'ye" Martin to the cloakroom. His jaws were set The Liars' Convention.

They were talking one evening in Uncle Silas's country store about hard winds and strong winds.

"Speaking of storms." said Abe Wilcox, "I've seen the wind hick so fast that it blew the town clock back seventeen days."

The Liars' Convention.

It to the cloakroom. His jaws were set, his face was pale with the pallor of death, and his eyes blazed. Tightly gripped in his right hand was a 6-intent clasp-knife with the blade opened. This was a knife that be carried, not for the purpose of offense, but to trim his natile with the town clock back seventeen days." enteen days."

"Well, well!" said Cy Campbell,
"perhaps you have seen some strong
blows, but when I lived up in Montana
my neighbor carelessly opened his door
during a storm. Well, gentlemen, you
may think I'm a liar, but the wind got
right in behind the door and torned
the house completely inside out!"

pered word of soothing from the venerable David B. Culherson: "D— it, iet's
have a settlement!" He was shouldered
out, however, and taken from the captiol. It is rather a singular bit of
Washington journalism that an account of this incident did not appear in
any print.

"Old Howd'ye"—so called because

right in behind the door and tarned the house completely inside out!"

"And the man?" gasped several in one voice.

"Oh, he just sat on the stove, and on the stove, and on the stove and on the the wind carried him fourteen miles in 1861 they went direct to Virginia and landed him in the top of a peach and faced the Federal lines. The stateree. Pretty soon a side of bacon and loaf of bread came sailing by, and, loaf of bread came sailing by, and, regiment was entirely changed. Every man of the original recruitage dead or incapacitated by wounds. "Howd'ye" went back to Texas and got thirricen, and the tomatoes turned pale.
"That was quite windy," drawled Uncle Silas, chief village llar, as he torious host was bearing down upon the starving and disheartened legions carefully empired his pipe into the sugar barrel, "that was quite windy, but out in Nevada a friend of mine started to leave his house while the wind was blowing rocks as hig as pumpkins of "the surrender," as it is familiarly called in the south. He was five miles from Lee's headquarters and his dirty regulars were bivonacked by the eldnews. He was told that General Lee had surrendered. Martin drew a pistol from his holster. "Ef you say that ag'in," he declared, "I'll blow you're head off." He was assured that it was true. He turned to his men and said Boys, I'm goin' back to Texas, where a man can live an' the blacks can't run is. Who's goin' with me?" A few of hem responded. The others were to and heartsick to move. leaded his little band due south, turnng his back upon the chilly Virginia fields. He got through the scattered Federal line somehow and made his way home. It was his boast to the

A CHINESE BRICKLAYER.

His Name is Lee Claang and He is a Credit to His Employer.

Philadelphia has a Chinese brick-layer. His name is Lee Chang and he is a real credit to his employer. Chang works for Edward Clayton, a West Philadelphia contractor, and there is very little about a building that he can't do. Although Chang's method of working is rather peculiar, he is, nevertheless, active and artistic. course, he is the victim of no end of jokes and sarcasm, but he takes every-thing good-naturedly. The ambitious Celestial started to work for Mr. Clayton about three years ago, and advanced so rapidly that he was able to compete with any of his brother workmen after serving two and a half years as an apprentice. Chang is especially talented in "turning" arches and building corners, going as high as ten "courses" at a time without trying the plumb rule. His fellow-workmen often take delight in "rushing" him on a rough wall, but the agile Chinaman often makes them regret the attempt. The apprentice boys have a warm heart for Chang, and he is very liberal with his knowledge "of tricks of the trade," and doesn't hesitate to teach them the proper ways of working. He believes in the old maxim that "actions speak louder than words," and teaches ambitious apprentices by il-lustrations. Chang's ability to read plans is little short of marvelous. By attending a night school of architecttree he became quite proficient in that line, and by perseverance and close application he soon learned to under-stand the most intricate drawings, Chang has no desire to return to his native country, but hopes some day to be a contractor,

Imitators of the Immortal G. W. A pocketknife was returned to the hardwareman with a blade broken off short. "How did you break the blade?" asked the hardwareman. "I broke it while cutting a little soft pine stick," said the man, who, like our beloved Washington, never told lies about hatchets, knives, or other articles of hardware. "Very well," said the hard-wareman, "I will give you another and return your broken knife to the man-ufacturer." Soon after this a small, well-dressed boy came in and tarew well-dressed boy came in and tarew down a twenty-five cent knife, which also had a blade that had come to grief, and the boy said: "Knife's no good." "What is the trouble?" asked the hardwareman. "I broke it whittling on a little pine stick," said the boy, who was a regular attendant at a Sundayschool. "You shall have another my school. "You shall have another, my

boy.' During the week there were three additional knives returned, all of which had been broken cutting little pine sticks, and each of the purchasers was given a new knife. But one day a ragged little fellow came into that store and said: "I broke that knife you sold me and I want to buy another. It was a good knife, but dad tried to get a cork out of a bottle with the small blade, and I broke the large blade trying to split a big hickory stick.'

The hardwareman threw his arms around the little boy's neck, and in a voice choked with emotion said: "Take a dozen knives, my dear little fellow, ; bicycle, a fishing-rod, a sled and any-thing else that you would like to have. are the first one to return a pockethnife to me that did not say it was proken by being used to whittle a lit-le pine stick."

New Letter-Writing Idea

A woman who, like most women, idn't believe in postal cards, but who, also, like most women, uses them just the same, sat down the other day he purpose of inditing one to her fam-ly. With one's family one may always take liberties, and, besides she had very little to say. By the time the postal card, however, she discov ered that she hadn't said her say Automatically she picked up another postal card, just as she would another sheet of paper, and proceeded upon her epistolary way. That finished she indited a third.

Not until she had begun the fourth card did the woman realize what she was doing. Then it didn't seem worth while to render all her previous efforts and void, so she just put the identical address upon each card and num bering them in order, mailed the

devoted to the scheme, and often makes use of it. Even her family have become reconciled to the postmar delivering a whole deck of cards instead of the single one, as formerly The woman calls it a "continuous pos

Nicely Balanced Musel The bones and muscles of the human ody are capable of over 1,200 different day of his death that he had never surSIX O'CLOCK.

six o'clock, when the whistles blow And labor's grimy armies go,
With weary feet, their homeward

way, Happy to end the tollsome day, I watch and wait for a girl I know,

And trudging homeward through the

snow, Watching the roses come and go Upon her cheek, my heart is gay At six o'clock.

As an angel's dream on a bed of snow And the light in her eyes is like

From Heaven's windows gone astray When she greets me with her cheeks aglow.
At six o'clock.

LOVE-MAKING.

"You are an old fool, Kingsbury!" said Mr. Madison, rapping the bowl of his meerschaum against the edge the chimney-piece to empty it of the silvery crust of tobacco ashes. "Forty-seven tast week," said Major

Kingsbury, smiling. "Is that such a venerable age?"

"To think of marrying a young gir -yes! Do you suppose she really cares for you?" 'She says she does!"

"Only a caprice—only a caprice, Kingsbury, depend upon it. What does a child of seventeen know of her own mind?"

Major Ralph Kingsbury was silent but his grave smile betokened quiet re-liance upon the affection of the beauti-ful young girl who had promised to be his wife. course," added Mr. Madison

vindictively, "I might know better than to expect you to take any one's advice on the subject. There's no fool like an old fool, I've all my life heard."

"I am much obliged to you," said Major Kingsbury, smiling. "But you will come to my wedding?"
"Oh, of course—on exactly the same principle all the friends and relations

attend a Hindoo widow's suttee."

And Mr. Madison filled his meerschaum a second time and began meditariyah ta second time

tatively to smoke.

Major Ralph was silent also. Some how the words of his old college friend had left a drop of bitterness in his heart. Was it true that pretty Ida heart. Was it true that pretty loa Casserly was too young to unite the ger, deeper stream of his own mature destiny? Was it possible that she had allowed herself to be influenced by the emembrances that he was a rich man Why had he never thought of these things before? Surely they were sufficiently evident. And he sincerely wished that Nicholas Madison had held his tongue.

"She's pretty, I suppose?" said the latter, abruptly, after a long interval

of silence.
"Yes!" Major Kingsbury answered.
"What style? Dark or fair?"

"What style? Dark or fair?"
"Very fair, with golden curls, and
eyes as blue as the bluest summer
heaven you ever beheld!"
"Ah!" said Mr. Madison, nodding his
head with a sort of gloomy mystery.
"And you are fool enough to believe
she loves you?"

she loves you?"
"Madison," said the major, with
some irritation in his voice and man-

ner, "suppose we put a stop to this discussion. It may be very agreeable to you, but I confess that it annoys me not a little."

Madison laughed a chuckling laugh

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said he.
"Only, if anything should happen, you will, at least, do me the justice to remember that I warned you."

Major Kingsbury did not answer but he could not help thinking to him self how very disagreeable these "old friends" were! And when Mr. Madison had smoked

And when Mr. Madison had smoked out his meerschaum for the second time, and gone, he sat for a moment or two gazing into the red gleams of the anthracite coal fire.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed aloud, ris-

Ing and giving himself a shake, as if he would shake off this strange mood of misgiving. "What should a sour old bachelor like Nick Madison know about a young girl's heart? I must make haste, or I shall miss the last up-train to-night, and Ida made me promise I would come without fail! Dear little Ida!"

And he opened a small velvet box that he carried in his pocket, and glanced admiringly at a tiny pearl cross that lay therein.

Ah, it was quite evident that Major Kingsbury was very much in love, in-

residence of Mrs Casser. ly and her three pretty daughters, just where an occasional gleam or two in the Hudson could be caught, through bowing masses of elm trees, cedars drooping willows.

The wide veranda was empty an deserted, but at the sound Bridget, to whom the major's counten-nance was familiar, met him with a broad smile.

"The young ladics is out in the garden, sir!" said Bridget. 'em?"
"Oh, no, certainly not!" said the

major. "I'll join them out there!"
And he smiled to himself at the idea
of surprising Ida among her flowers, the fairest blos-om of them all.

Ida Casserly stood just where the dy ing light shone full in her face, as ovely a young creature as heart could magine, with eyes and hair like vio lets and sunshine, and a rose-remouth all wreathed in sigile white dress, just relieved by a cashmere scarf, fluttered softly in the evening breeze, and she held a bunch of vivid scarlet salvias in her hand.
"Why Ida!" Kate Casserly, her
younger sister was exclaiming, "I am

astonished at you! I thought you liked the major so much!"
"The major!" Ida echoed, with

contemptuous motion of her pretty head, "A horrid, old-fashioned thing Well enough when you can't get any thing else, but-

Major Kingshiles fall the engry a

"Then you really prefer Alexan der? "As if there could possibly be any comparison!

let The to his cheeks, while it sharp pang of fealousy shot through his heart. Who was this "Alexander" for whom Ida Casserly expressed so de-cided a preference? "Well," cried Flora, the younger of

the three sisters, "I didn't think you were one to throw over an old favorite just because a later novelty has ap-

"Don't be sentimental, Flo.!" cried "Don't be sentimental, Fio.!" cried lda, with a little grimace which made her mouth more like a ripe cherry than ever. "I tell you I won't have the major about the place any longer!"

Our hero stood appalled. What baleful influence had changed his shy, delicate Ida into this resolute vixen? Ho was no Petruchio, to undertake the "Taming of the Shrew," and he bit his line

"Alexander, by all means!" cried Ida, waving her little straw hat around her head exultingly. "Alexander and the

admiral!" "New friends," bitterly thought the major, as he turned away and noise-lessly retraced his steps. "Madison was right; she never could have cared for me. Well, I'm glad I have found it out before it was too late. Alexander

-Alexander—if I knew who the villain was I would punch his head for

And Major Kingsbury just succeeded in catching the last down-train for New York by running himself into a violent perspiration.

The first person he stumpled over as he entered the hotel corridor was Nicholas Madison.

"Hello!" ejaculated Madison.
"Thought you had gone love-making up the river?"
"Give up "

"Give us your hand, old friend!" said Kingsbury, impressively. "You were right—about—about what we spoke of this afternoon. I have been a spoke of this afternoon. I have been a fool. But I don't think I shall repeat the experiment."

And he passed a wretched and sleep-less night, alternately raging at Ida Casserly's treachery, and wondering who "Alexander" and the "Admiral" could possibly be.

The next morning brought a little, scented note in Ida's dainty handwrit-

"How have I offended you?" it ran "How have I offended you?" it ran.
"You came last night, but you went
away without sceing me. What has
gone wrong? Surely you will not deny
me the opportunity of pleading my
own cause. I shall be at home this "IDA."

"She's right," said the major. "Of course, she never will be anything to me again, but I ought certainly to allow her the chance of explanation."

Major Kingsbury took the evening train once more. Ida was waiting fo him on the veranda this time.
"Ralph!"

"Ralph!"
Her pretty, pleading eyes—her outstretched hand! Ralph Kingsbury would have been either more or less than a man to have resisted them. "What has offended you, Ralph?" she asked, piteously. "Tell me," he said, still striving to creak starply. "Who is Alexander?"

speak sternly. "Who is Alexander?"

"Yes, and the Admiral!"
Ida looked at him as if she believed

him to be crazy.
"Ida, I accidentally heard you talking to your sisters on the lawn last night. You distinctly stated that you preferred the beforementioned gentlemen-and that the major was Ida burst into a merry peal of irre-

ida burst into a merry peal of irre-pressible laughter.

"Stop, Ralph, stop!" she cried. "I understand it all; I remember it now! Yes—I did say so!"

"You did?"

"You did?"
"And I mean it, too, Ralph!" she added, with eyes that sparkled roguishly. "But you misunderstood the matter altogether. We are going to have a new border of tuitys—the 'Duc Major' is an ugly brown, old-fashioned bulb and 'Alexander' and 'The Admiral' are heautiful double weller water. ral' are beautiful double yellow varie-ties! Look at Vicks' catalogue for

yourself, if you don't believe it."

Major Kingsbury's face cleared up as radiant as a spring morning.
"What a goose I have been, Ida!" he

cried, rapturonsly

cried, rapturously.

"Of course you have, you dear old darling!" said Miss Casserly.

And when they parted, the pearl cross hung round Ida's neck, and the day for the wedding was set! Mr. Madison was scandalized when he heard that his friend was determined to persist in his infaturation.

to persist in his infatuation "But there's no accounting for these things!" quoth he. Miss Casserly changed her mind

deed!

The scarlet billows that closed over the keel of sunset had long since faded into orange, when Major Ralph climbed, although "Alexander" and "Admiral Kingsbergen" are planted in the sulmer residence of MacQueller ces of honor!

Fasted for Seven Years.

Succi, who recently completed his sixty-fourth public fast in Rome, has abstained from food in his perform es for 2,500 days of his life—r even years.

Insects and the Sense of Sight. A proof that it is not always the sense of smell, but ofttimes that of sight, which directs insects to their lowers is noted by the distinguished French entomologist M R Blanchard a hotel room in the half obscurity of early morning was found to flit with direct intent to definite parts of the

rall and ceiling.

These were decorated with paintings of leaves and ficwers, and to the lat ter the insect approached in repeate thrusting oscis as though intent upon intruding it into the opened cups of beguiling flowers. After reneated failure the resulting disco he resulting discouragement the effort was given up, and the moth escaped by the window. Another case of a butterfly which persisted in visiting the artificial flowers upon a lady's bon-net adds an instance to recorded facts of erring instinct among insects.

Knew Her Audience. Weeks-I understand you married ; rofessional reader and elocutionist? Weeks-I suppose she frequently en

tertains you with her readings? Oh, yes; she often reads me the riot act.

EATEN BY SHARK

TRAGIC FATE OF AN AERONAL IN HAVANA HARBOR

Balloon Drifted Out to Sea-Wh Touched the Water the Sez-Welves Him to Pieces in an Instant. "Havana harbor is as jammed fi of man-eating sharks as the Upper Or noco is of alligators," said a Washin

ton man who lived for several years the Cuban capital, "and although is a sorry enough thing to have to say, I did believe that may of the bodies of the poor fellow who lost their lives in the Main-disaster would be cast up on the beach. Aside from the big man-exter that infest the harbors of the islands in the South Pacific, close to the line I don't believe the waters of the whole world hold any more ravenous or feroclous sharks than these that make seabathing in Havana harbor a luxury that is indulged in only by the most reckless and foolhardy men. The so-called man-eaters of northern waters, big and ugly as they look, are generally as rank cowards of the sea as coyotes are of the land, and a whole school of share of the temperate zone will scoot from a I don't believe the waters of the whole of the temperate zone will scoot from level-headed man who keeps up steady kicking and splashing in the water, like a pack of releasest rats scurrying from a terrier. But the sharks of Havana har-bor have got a tasts of human blood —for scarcely a week passes that some silly Havana man or boy does not get himself gobbled up by the man-catera-and the fact is no longer disputed by

quires an appetite for human beings he will risk anything after that to ap-pease that appetite.

"When the city of Havana was celebrating, six years ago, the anniversary of the birth of the young King of Spain, the next biggest feature of the blowout after the bull fights was a baloon ascension by a Spanish aeronaut named Ramon Margulles. I was spending the holiday on an electric launch with a party of friends, and in the afternoon we watched for the ascension. Along about 4 o'clock we saw the balloon shoot into the air from one of the minor plazas, with Margulies, dressed in gymnast's tights, hanging by his legs from a trapeze suspended beneath the basket. The air was very still, and the aeronaut had apparently figured on making a reasonably high straight-up ascent, and then, by pulling the escape valve, to descend within the city or on its outskirts. As he must have known how thickly the harbor was in-fested with sharks, be could certainly not have seriously entertained the thought of letting his balloon descend in the harbor.

"At any rate, when his balloon reach-

seafaring men that once a shark as

ed an altitude of about half a mile, we could see that it had swam into a current of air that plainly began to carry it over the harbor. With the aid of our glasses we could perceive the zeronaut climbing from the trapeze into the basket, and, a moment or so after, he disappeared from view. It became apparent to us that he had pulled the escape valve, for the balloon began to rapidly descend, but by the time the valve was opened the upper air current had carried the balloon well over the waters of the bay. The engineer of our launch, at my direction, started four bells for the spot in the water where we figured the balloon would descend, for we all knew that the aeronaut would not be long in the water be naut would not be long in the water be-fore the sharks got after him. The balloon came down too swiftly, howev-er, for the launch to be of any assist-ance to Margulles. We were two hun-dred yards away when the basket of the almost collapsed balloon struck the water. Just before the basket touched the water Margulles appeared on its edge and dived head first into the har edge and dived head first into the nar-bor, in order, apparently to prevent his becoming entangled with the bar-ket netting. We saw his head bob up once, and we put on all power to reach him with the launch. But when we saw a dozen big man-eaters' fins cleav-ing the water straight for the spot where the unfortunate aeronaut's head had appeared. We knew that it was all up with him. He did not show at the surface again, and when we reached the spot where he had jumped in we saw nothing but little eddler of blood on the surface of the water.

The sharks had torn him to pieces. A Petrified Rattlesnabe

A strange petrification was recently found in Kentucky which closely re-sembles a huge rattlesnake. Whether or not it be that is a question upon which scientists are divided.

John N. Brown in the mountainous regions of Wayne County, Ky. When he came upon it suddenly he thought it a big live snake and was frighten But when he saw his mistake he made an examination and decided that the find was worth removing to his yard. where it now lies. Mr. Brown

scribes it as follows: "It has a head exactly resembling a rattler's head, but it is a little large in proportion to the body—not enough, however, to dispose of the theory of it having been a snake. Its head measures eight inches across in the widest place. It was twenty-one feet long when I first got it, but the relic hunters have broken off and purloined about three feet of its tail. It is sixpurloined teen inches in circumference and the largest part of its body which is some nearer the head than the tail. It has the natural taper of the snake; in fact, in every particular it resembles a huge rattler in a coiled position."

the man who treasures up his sate his To cite a peneral rule-

s either a philosopher Or else he is a fool The man who talks and talks and talks

Belongs to the same class Me's wiser, even, than a sage, Or else he is an ass.

Disease Germs Thirty Years Old. A German professor reports that be has found living bacteria in wine which had been bottled twenty-five as thirty

years.